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The Air Voyager

William E. Ingersoll

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THE AIR VOYAGER



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1902

THE AIR VOYAGER

BY

WILLIAM E. INGERSOLL



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DEDICATION

To M———R———

Soul of my song!—dark-orbed queen
Through whom the Muses' whispers came!
Though, like the dull moth, I have seen,
And sought, and felt thy spirit's flame,
Unscarred, unscorched, I arise,
And my gray wings have rainbow-dyes.

The music of the winds is mine,
Played on the dewy lyre of Morn;
The wet and blushing buds are mine;
Mine are the nested young, new-born;
Ay;—mine the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
And mine is Immortality.

A glorious heritage!—the source
Of harmony, the fount of song!
And thou, O Love!—thou art the force
That sweeps my boundless thought along;
Mine eyes look thro' thy rosy glass;
All things grow lovely as I pass.

Heart of my heart! I've drunk the wine
Of thy soft glances ardently;
Oh! thrilling thought!—and art thou mine
As I am thine, eternally?
Thou!—Being blest, thro' whom I see
The beauties in all things that be.

The towering turrets, golden-bright,
Of Fame's hill-temple shine afar;
Beneath Parnassus' splendid height
I pause and ponder,—thou the Star
Whose lovely light shall lure me on,
Till yon sky-piercing peak be won.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Poem is a chronicle of the impressions and reflections of an imaginary traveller in a "ship of the air."

The voyager does not pretend to exactness in his description of the scenes presented, but strives to convey an impression of their grand and fairy-like beauty when seen from aloft, and to awaken in the mind of the reader his own emotions as he takes his panoramic view of Nature.

The first four verses are a sort of preface, and will, if read thoughtfully, explain the intention of the Poem.

The ship, introduced in the fifth verse, has returned from a short experimental trip, and, having proved itself thoroughly airworthy, is ready for its great, world-embracing tour.

It carries a crew of three: the Poet, his mistress, and the old half-crazed slave of Science, builder and engineer of the air-ship.

THE AIR VOYAGER.

I

I stood upon a mount whose sphinx-like brow
Was wet with foam flung from the frothing sea;
I eyed the worn, wave-beaten rocks below,
And lo! a thought came surging loftily
Upon my mind, until it seemed to me
That all that wild chaos of seething spume
Between the steadfast land and restless sea
Was but a type of man's mind, in the gloom
Of those soul-storms which are each weary mortal's doom.

II

The Rock which ever yieldeth, bit by bit,
To the mad sea's erosion, is the Will
Whose bulk and strength, beneath each passion-
fit
Grow less and ever less, till nought doth fill
The storm-vault of the soul but the mad thrill
Of unloos'd, unstemmed, clay-born, wild desire;
Freed from the bonds of fallen conscience, still
Unsatisfied, unfilled—a wasting fire
Eating itself away in self-consuming ire.

III

The blue, bright void above th' unquiet deep;—
The birds that, warbling, wend their buoyant way,
With sunshine on their wings and hearts that
 leap

To breast the brisk breeze-billows bounding by,—
That is the Heaven of peace, that broad, calm sky;
Those feathered joys the spirits of the place;
Hark! how the prince of songsters, from on high,
Weaves with the wind his chant, pervading space
With notes that make the morn more sweetly fan
 my face.

IV

He who would feel the fullest, freest life,—
He who would breathe untrammelled the pure air
Of heaven,—he must rise above the strife
And turmoil of the world,—above, for there,
When all the fiends of Discord leave their lair
And sweep, like tempests, o'er the world below,
All passionless he may gaze down from where
He standeth,—coldly note the ebb and flow
Of feeling in the throng with brow and heart of
 snow.

'Twas when the sun was red, and earth and sky
Gazed westward,—when the blossoms ceased to
sway,—

When breezes, crouched in shadow, seemed to lie
In reverent silence,—when, from far away
In the blue east, the dim clouds made their way
With noiseless gliding, blushing as they came,
To smile a rosy farewell to the Day,—

'Twas then, on waving wings and buoyant frame,
Forth thro' the radiant eve the air-ship sailed.

Like flame

VI

The light played o'er her polished prow, and leapt
In little lightnings from her fanning wings;
Straight thro' the sunlit silence soft she crept,
And, even as the soaring skylark flings
His song upon the vastness, as he springs
On tireless pinions thro' the ringing air,
So, from rich, thrilling voice and tuneful strings,
An evensong slow glided forth from where
The Ship hung in the sky, and these the stanzas
were:

c. f. Shelley:

*In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,*

“To the green of the glen,
To the lap of the lea,
To the sun-reddened glen
Where I whispered with thee,
We will wander again,
Stepping forth silently;
We will bid it farewell, love,—we’ll bid it fare-
well;
The little, loved cabin,—we’ll bid it farewell.

When the shot clouds are bleeding
With arrows of light,
And the stern sun, unheeding,
All rosily dight,
Fast downward is speeding
In fear of the night,
We will whisper farewell, sweet,—we’ll whisper
farewell
In the red hush of sunset we’ll sigh a farewell.

When, from their full quiver
The moon-shafts fly free,
When, with rush and with shiver,
Through each throbbing tree,
The silver-strewn river

Shines forth fitfully,
Treading silently ever,
I, dearest, and thee

Will whisper farewell,—ay, will murmur fare-
well,—

With lip, heart, and eye, slowly—say—a—fare-
well."

VII

The last notes melted on the rising breeze;
The stars were forth, save for one crimson stain
That marked the ebb of Day; the nodding trees
Rose silver-crowned upon the dewy plain
Where Night had showered her jewels; a long
lane

Of dancing light lay on the moving breast
Of the broad, bluff-banked river, like a train
Trailed o'er a polished pavement by a guest
In splendid, sparkling robes of softest argent
drest.

* Variation of "silver". I own
that to two months ~~under~~
under "Frenchy" MacIntyre
at St. Kitts in '94.

With slow incline of prow the Ship sank down,
 Crushing the luscious grass-stalks rustlingly;
 Beneath a silken canopy were shown
 Upon her decks a silent, dreamy three,
 A maiden resting on her lover's knee,
 One soft, fair arm beneath her smooth, warm
 chin;
 Her full ripe lips a-pout all pensively
 And wide dark eyes aglow, as they had been
 The windows thro' which shone the poet-soul
 within.

IX

And he whose shapely hand lay linked with hers;
 The Poet of my song—his bright, wild eyes
 Grew tender as the eyes with which a nurse
 Regards her dreaming infant, when it lies
 In rosy slumber, as he said, "Arise,
 O, Myra mine, that we may tread again
 These sacred woods, and draw our latest sighs
 O'er that of which but memories remain—

(and) Two graves, a grass-grown path, the cottage in
 the lane."

x - Did you ever see that rhyme
 equalled?

But he (the third) who no such passion feels,
 Gray-haired, gray-bearded, dumb,—when they
 had gone
 Bent o'er the bright, brass cranks and oily wheels,
 Patting and fondling that for which alone
 Wife, speech and mind had vanished. Like a
 stone,
 Devoid of heart, all passions cold and dead
 Save one, whose vigor, now gigantic grown,
 Made him, once lord, now slave,—with wealth
 untold,
 His self-forged Science-chain lay round him, fold
 on fold.

XI

Fair Myra and her Eric, arm in arm,
 Before a flame which, in an ancient grate,
 Leapt, hissed and crackled, waking with a storm
 Of sparks the drowsy, cobwebb'd chimney, sate.
 Deserted, dreary, desolate, shown by Fate
 Of all that Life holds dearest, this was home!
 The weedy path, the rusty, creaking gate,
 The mould'ring beams, the vagrant vines that
 clomb,
 Ev'n to the mud-nests where in Spring the swal-
 lows come,

XII

They loved them all—for some fond memory
 clung
 Round each familiar spot; and, as the eye
 Of love marks sadly each age-furrow flung
 O'er comely features as the years glide by,
 They note each change that Time hath wrought,
 and sigh
 To think that, in some future, passing here,
 Nought but the River, rolling barrenly,
 Shall mark the spot where now the falling tear
 Drops o'er the earth that forms of their dead
 past the bier.

XIII

Tears, tears,—ope the soul's sluice, and let them
 flow;
 Nor seek to stem the torrent till the fount
 Is dry; the pain, the bitterness, the woe
 That comes when Time hath settled his account,
 Collected all arrears, and hath th' amount
 Stored in the Keyless Chamber—these be all
 Thus purged from out our minds which, buoyant,
 mount
 On Hope's elastic pinions, as the ball
 That ever boundeth higher from the harder fall.

Content, when not a gift, is the result
 Of many a crushing blow; 'tis dearly bought,
 And he whose earthly edifice is built
 On that foundation, lo! he hath been taught
 From Life's own book; the happy man is wrought
 In th' furnace of Affliction; in his soul
 Must be a vein of good red gold when 's sought
 By Trouble's fiery forgemmen, or the toll
 He payeth in the flame will swallow up the
 whole.

Now let us with the Poet and his love,
 Her maniac father, and his hard-won prize
 Sail like the birds thro' space, and, from above,
 View men and Nature, and soliloquize.
 Then,—peoples, cities, mountains, deserts,—rise
 Before my Fancy's eye! pass, pass along,
 Ye storm-beat hills, ye dark and scowling skies,
 Ye smiling, throbbing, treacherous human
 throng, +
 My pen is wild to paint ye! I am great with
 song!

You may please yourself about
 pronouncing "result" "resilt," or
 "built" "bult"

'Twas Day; the sky so purely, clearly bright
 That one might think its smooth blue texture
 lined

A brighter one beyond, and that the light
 Which danced there, from the golden dome be-
 hind

Had sifted through. The brisk, glad morning
 wind

Played o'er the Poet's brow; a dell below
 Had caught his wandering glance, and now he
 joined

Voice, heart, and sounding string, and strove to
 throw

Forth in a morning chant his soul's own radiant
 glow:

 There the reeling ripples rush;

 There the breathing roses blush;

There the bowed and brushing grasses hiss and
 heave beneath the breeze;

 There the arching willows bend,

 And a verdant greeting send

Down the dashing, dancing streamlet to the reeds
 upon their knees,—

 Crushed, and forced upon their knees,

 Where the drowsy cattle wheeze,

Standing, switching, stamping, splashing in the
shade beneath the trees

There the lazy vapors drift,

Whence, thro' many a fleecy rift

Like the broad, mild eyes of angels, peeps the
dreamy, distant sky.

There the hawk, on watchful wing

Soaring, with a sweeping swing,

Scans the sun-bright scene below his breast with
bold, unblinking eye;

There, on humming, honey'd wings,

Drifts the droning bee, and sings

As he sinks his buzzing pinions deep within the
velvet bloom,—

Deep within the crimson bloom

Of the nodding petal-room

Where he drains his dulcet wine-cup, reeling
mid the soft perfume

There forever could I lie,

There, in one deep restful sigh,

Could I yield up my shut soul unto the angels
hovering nigh.

XVII

The mighty River dwindled to a thread
 Of gold, then melted from the view, and lo!
 Beneath them rolled the Prairies; and the tread
 Of myriad hoofs where, grazing to and fro,
 The swarming cattle wander, far below,
 Rose up like muttering thunder on their ears;
 The wee calves bleat, the watchful mothers low;
 The noble bull his kingly head uprears,—
 Alert, keen, fearless, vast,—at each strange sound
 he hears.

XVIII

And horsemen, wild, tanned, whiskered, move
 about
 'Mid fanning winds that lift the long, lank hair
 From brawny, buckskinn'd shoulders. At the
 throat
 The opened button leaves each broad breast bare;
 Pistol and dirk hang ready; in its lair
 The tiger-temper slumbers; demon, god
 Or man, whom fear these sons of western air?
 Each heir of all the acres he hath trod;
 Each man the tamer of the beast he hath bestrode.

XIX

The scene hath changed as if a mighty wind
 Had lashed the level plains to mountain-waves!
 The air hath colder grown; before, behind,
 On every side, pine-slopes and rocky caves,
 And sunken, sunless gorges!—dreary raves
 The blast—it sobs and sweeps, and, with a rush
 Bounds up some icy, towering peak, and waves
 Its flag aloft from yon lone, leafless bush!
 Then thunders down again, and sinks in playful
 hush.

XX

In gloomy, giant grandeur, raised aloft
 Beyond its fellows, till its point pierced through
 The gentle, clinging clouds that seemed as soft
 As fresh-shorn fleece, a hill Titanic threw
 Its shadow o'er the air-ship and the two
 Who stood in silent worship, gazing round;
 The Poet, bright-eyed, reached his harp, and
 drew
 His fingers o'er the strings; anon the sound
 Flew forth, in deep-toned echoes, thro' the hills
 around:

I gaze upon thee, chained hills

That lean along the sky!
To me thou art as giant minds
That, calm and changeless, eye
The troubled tossing to and fro
Of poor humanity.

Who

~~The~~ Time, th' all potent, spares not thee,
(Thou art of Earth hence doomed to die)
The thought hath not the power to shake
Thy stately, stern serenity.

Anon the clouds, like wooing maids
A wreath around thy forehead train;
Anon they melt, in tender tears,
And bathe thy rugged brow in rain;
Thy head and snow-tiara peep
Beyond the tumbled vapor-plain
Where skies are ever bright and blue,
And sunlight hath unbroken reign.

What dreams hast thou,—what radiant
dreams?

Thou giant sage, with head all hoar!
Thou count'st thy age by centuries!
A thousand years!—a thousand more
Shall see thee yet, tho' scarred and seamed,
Erect, majestic, as of yore!

*a hyphen for a dash,—blame
printer's devil, not author.*

The starlight in the sky!—a grand, awed hush
 In grove, and vale, and deep pine-scented glen;
 Tho' ever, when the voice was raised, a rush
 Of thunderous, bounding, giant echoes,—then
 Silence, deep, brooding, vast, sank down again;
 Such silence as doth cast a slumbrous spell
 About the awe-bound brain. Nor tongue, nor
 pen,
 Nor all the power that lies in words can tell
 The great, heart-easing calm that seemeth to up-
 well/

Forth from Earth's inmost heart. Perchance the
 dead
 Who sleep in her embrace have felt its power,
 And marvelled that the weary ones o'erhead
 Should fear to wed the tomb which brought such
 dower,
 Bestowed, in all its richness, in the hour
 When life, and all things mortal, fade away!
 Immortal Gift!—did ever maiden cower,
 When Love's sweet clasp around her warm heart
 lay,
 Beneath the husband's kiss, upon the bridal day.

XXIII

Earth,—rolling onward thro' the bourneless Deep;
 Bearing th' warring living and silent dead
 Girdled about by flaming clouds that sleep
 On hovering dove-wings o'er the wat'rous bed
 From whence they sprung; their vapor-flocks up-
 led

By th' great Sun-shepherd, while his loving beams
 Lie on their moving masses; rosy-red,
 Or netted nightly 'neath the sweet star-gleams,
 Mantling Earth's dewy slopes, dark woods, and
 thread-like streams,—

XXIV

Earth, glorious, alert, untiring, holds
 Upon her breast no sluggards; they who eat
 Her fruits must play their part in that which
 molds

The world and all mankind; it is not meet
 We should take all, and nothing yield. The
 wheat

Springs from the sweet-sown seed. Our rest will
 come

What time the funeral dirge, the winding-sheet,
 The closed eyes, the stiff mouth frozen dumb
 Shall mark the clay's return to that 'twas taken
 from.

Man lords it o'er the elements while the soul
 Pervades with its bright fire the mortal frame;
 The soul breaks forth—the elements mar the
 whole,

And lo! it falls in dust, as, 'neath the flame,
 Oaks melt to ashes. Ever in the Game
 Of Change we see the balance kept; a law
 Unalterable gives to each the same
 As it hath taken. Not the smallest flaw
 He who loves justice e'er in Nature's action saw.

'Tis morning in the mountains!—o'er their crests
 Lies a long band of brightness, ere the sun
 Bursts thro' each dusky, dewy vale that rests
 Behind the long, lean shadows; Nature's dun
 Night-robes are laid aside—Day hath begun,
 And, in his honor, see the garb of green
 That, as the sunbeams thro' the shadows run,
 Is drawn with magic swiftmess o'er the scene,
 As though a lightning artist thro' the dells had
 been.

The Poet held a volume on his knee,
 Rich in the rhyme-lore of long ages gone;
 Dark glowed his eyes as they were raised to see
 The splendor of the spreading light of dawn;
 The ever-ready harp was slowly drawn
 Toward him,—then, with musing touch, a song,
 Soft first as footfall of the frightened fawn,
 Swelled ampler,—loudly leapt the hills along,—
 Till Silence fled before those echoes loud and
 long:

Pen and Poet!

Poet and Pen!

Chamber of Ecstasy! Marvellous Key! —

Spring the bright lock,

For around thee are men,

Waiting to hear!—waiting to see

Stars from the fancy—gems from the mind!

Diadem'd rippings fresh from the soul!

Dews of the intellect, left to mankind

Brimming and bright, in a "Philemon's bowl."

Sweet as the waters

From Horeb's rock flowing;

Cleansing, refreshing the Science—steeped brain,

**Imagine that thing a hyphen,
 if you can!*

The doubt-darkened mind

With a fresh faith endowing,—

Leading it back to its childhood again.

Poet and Pen!—blest may ye be!

Reft of thy charm, what would life be to men?

A short, sweating swim on a fathomless sea,

And a sinking away from Humanity's Ken.

XXVIII

Upward and outward, thro' the portals wide

'Twixt tall peak-pillars towering to the sky

The Air-ship winged her way with waving glide;

And, far beneath, the hills, receding by,

Sank small and smaller, and the hawk's shrill
cry

Seemed dim and distant in the vacant air.

Away to westward rose before the eye

A far-stretched strip of sleeping blue; and, ere

A deep-drawn breath, the Sea rolled forth, fresh,
vast and fair.

*Those capitals are entirely unauthorised
I expect that the printer ran out
of small type.*

Ah, gloriously the deep, delicious breath
Exhaled from her full bosom, till the heart
Leapt in its vital chamber as tho' Death
Were far and feeble, and a thing apart!
Life bounded forward with a joyous start!
Wide grew the eye with ecstasy; the blood
Ev'n to the very finger-tips did dart,
As, bright-eyed, firm-lipped, mute, the Poet stood
With half-held harp, and hand that, with his
change of mood

XXX

Kept time and tune upon the vibrant string.
The breezeless air, the sea-gulls' sweeping scream,
The ocean down beneath them murmuring,
The wavelet's infant play, the sparkling gleam
Sent up from shoreless water,—all did seem
Parts of another world,—silk strands entwined
About his senses by some golden dream;
Within its restless hall his throbbing mind,
Hushed, happy for awhile in Heaven—rest re-
clined.

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CANADA

There are two worlds on Earth: the world that
men

Create, where forced laws control the whole,
And that bright World that sprang to being when
God 'moved upon the waters,'—where the soul
Holds sway by love, not law—where gently roll
Harmonious seasons, and each laden year
Brings forth his golden burthen,—where the bowl
Brims o'er with milk and honey; where no tear
~~Is~~ shed, save dewy ones from skies starlit and
clear.

Neptune hath wed the Sea!—his palmy ring
Floats on her fragrant breast!—'tis coral-fed
And fretted o'er with green; soft doth it sing
The wooing sea-song in its watery bed,—
Gently the wavelets lap its leaning head,
And hues prismatic thro' its leaf-lyre play,
As birds, bright-winged, by flitting fancy led,
Thro' leafy coolness wing their brilliant way
Or dart on flashing pinions o'er the land-locked
bay.

The Ship sank softly on the sand, as Day
 Shut still and sombre over isle and sea;
 Poet and woman on the sea-bank lay
 And lingered in the starlight silently;
 For far to ocean-ward the clouds they see
 First pierced with pearl, then silver, then—a
 flood,
 A great mild flood of moonlight, floating free
 From Earth's majestic night-queen. Pure she
 stood
 And spread her ample wings, swan-like, above her
 brood.

XXXIV

The dark and tumbled clouds, in chaos grand,
 Like mighty ruined castles round her sleep;
 A city of the sky!—raised by the wand
 Of Nature, fair enchantress; on the Deep
 Its dim foundations stand!—the Moon doth keep
 Bright watch o'er its stern grandeur till the wind
 Doth rend its rugged beauty with rude sweep
 Of strong, though unseen arm. (Thus aye we
 find
 By some Invisible Hand our grim Death-Warrant
 signed.)

The young Morn cast his broad, bold glance upon
 The Sea, and Kissed her dancing dimples. Sweet,
 The warm, wet wind walked landward; and anon
 From shady, sleepy leaf-rooms came, to greet
 The happy, rushing light, on leaping feet,
 The bright, dew-feathered tenants of the isle,—
 Birds of the Tropics, bred amid the heat
 Of brilliant skies and endless summers, while
 Th' indulgent Southern sun smiled one eternal
 smile.

XXXVI

Like leopard-spots the stealing sunbeams strewed
 The flowers beneath a palm-pavilion wide;
 The paroquets, harsh-voiced and many-hued
 Perched o'er the place where, in a mellow tide,
 The Poet's voice flowed forth, and, eager-eyed,
 Fair Myra listened. 'Twas a legend old,
 Culled from an ancient rhyme-book; he had
 sighed

Full many a time as those worn pages told
 Anew the magic tale which he did here unfold.

Once more the Ship shot skyward,—gloriously
 The breeze buzzed by the temples of the twain
 Who clung, and gazed on the receding Sea
 Thro' glistening, wind-wet lashes. They would
 fain

Have watched the fading day with Night again
 Blend,—Sun to Moon linked thro' the twilight by
 A scarce-seen, changing, melting, pearl-pink chain
 That came from both, yet neither—seemed to lie
 A band of rest between, along the purple sky!

XXXVIII

And westward,—ever westward,—o'er long miles
 Of lazy, laughing water, where were seen
 Upon its sun-bright bosom, many isles
 Like emeralds, with their coats of easeful green,
 Delicious to the dazzled, aching e'en.
 Anon a long, low cloud-bank seemed to rise
 From off the Sea's round edge; slow and serene
 The dun, dim mass cast off its vapor—~~the~~guise
 And lo! a broad new land lay stretched beneath
 the eyes!

'Tis seamed with shining streams like giant veins!
 'Tis scarred with spreading forests; thro' the air
 The fragrance of its fruitage rises; plains
 Far-sloping southward to the sea-rim, wear
 The fairest garb of summer. Bleak and bare,
 The snow-stepped ~~shine~~ shine, far northward; and the
 eye

Turns from their chilly barrenness to where
 The wee smoke-streamers float toward the sky
 And squares of rice show shadowed, as the clouds
 sail by.

XL

Westward again,—while, league on league, the
 land

Unrolled its verdant vastness!—a fair scroll
 With skill Divine engraven, by the Hand
 Of that Immortal Master of the whole!
 Its far-seen picturesqueness holds the soul
 In transport; gazing down upon the world
 From that free realm where cool cloud-curtains
 roll

In gray, translucent ruggedness, uncurled
 Along the bending heavens, like a flag unfurled,

We draw the breath that brighteneth the eyes,
 And reddeneth the cheeks, of conquerors,—
 We walk upon th' inpalpable,—we rise
 Upon the viewless air,—we tread the floors
 O' the sky,—we stand, as 'twere, upon the shores
 Of Heaven's blue, boundless sea!—far, far below,
 Strife, sorrow, sickness knock at mortal doors
 With ceaseless clamour; passion, pain, and woe
 From out their bitter fount's dark depths ex-
 haustless flow.

XLII

The curtain falleth here,—'twill rise anon
 Above the land where shone the Blessed Star;
 For ye my Traveller shall gaze upon
 The Lord's own Land from out his floating car,—
 O'er sterile, shrubless salt-wastes sailing far,
 Shall ford the fabled Jōrdān,—sadly see
 The dead, dumb lake pent in its desolate bar,
 Stone-sullen, in its sad sterility,
 Shall drink the moonbeams in the gorge of Gali-
 lee;

Shall shed, for ye, tears o'er the Sacred City;
 Shall sound his lyre before the silent Shrine
 Whose memories have moved the wise and witty,
 The poet, priest, and prophet, to divine
 Outbursts of song and story!—so let mine
 Glean some small glory from its fading theme,
 And bring ye, ere its pages ye resign,
 A grand, deep gladness, like an ancient dream
 Dreamt under ruined walls, beside a singing
 stream.

Quiring partly to lack of inspiration
 partly to want of adequate in-
 formation concerning Palestine,
 and partly to disgust with the
 thing, my contemplated Second
 canto was never written.

I did commence it, but
 as you will see by appended
 verses (next page) it would
 have been a dismal failure

The Air Voyager
Canto the Second

The night is solemn, splendid, starry-crown'd
The dusk is thick and thrilling, & the breeze
Breathes thro' the silent woods without a
sound
Have a soft murmur like far-foaming
seas
Thundering on distant islands. Stretched
at ease
In fragrant, fallen leaves, I lift my eyes
All ardently to where, between the trees
That arch in sombre silence o'er me, stars
Peek'd in their jewell'd night-robes, o'er the
dark earth rise

I

We've built a ship and manned it with
great souls
Dark-gathered from the travell'd seas
of Time
Where day no more beams o'er them

Wartiness, - deep, drear, and vast, -
the cold ~~gl~~ ^{gl} ~~cline~~
Where glide a myriad shades, in the
sublime
Yet most sad sureness of Eternity
Their deeds are sung in many a
worthier rhyme,
Yet still exhaustless floweth, full
and free,
Their silver, sparkling fount of death
memory.

II

Great-eyed and regal-browed, this might
crew
Move, in their ship of song, along the deep
the proud sea swell beneath them! - soft,
The dew
that floateth down from yon moon
hidden sweep
Of pale, unpillared purple, - sea-maid
peep,
With pearl-white arms, from out the
living sea

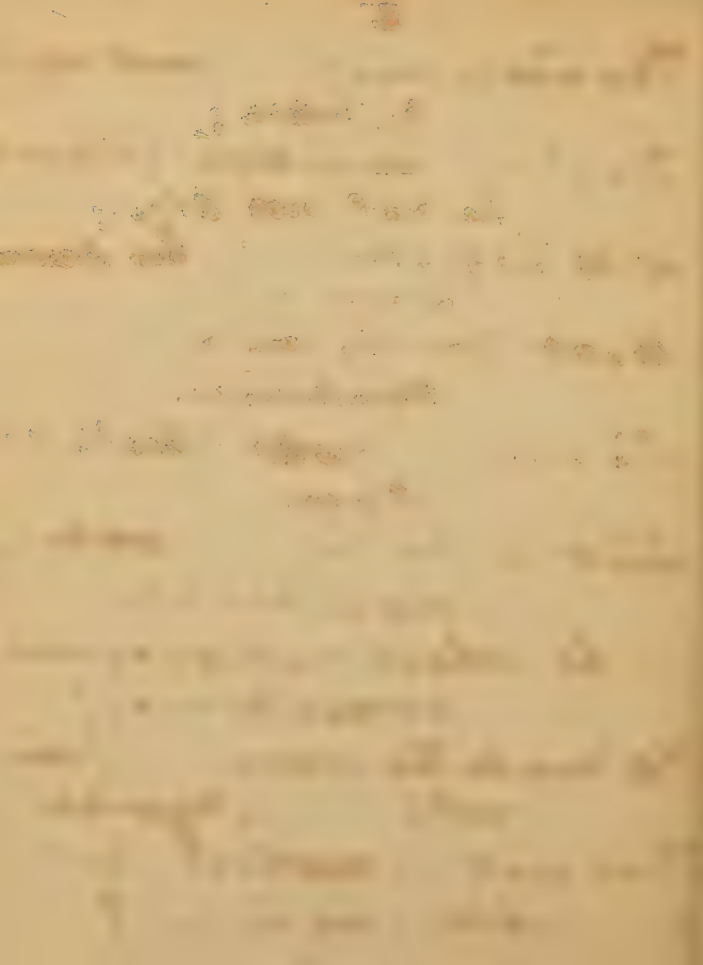
And on that stately throng their
bright orbs keep
Earth, sky, & ocean watch ye.
on, ye brave! —
live in our minds for aye, nor e'er
again your grave
~~III~~

Behold! — the Voyager sits by the Sea
The Sea where once Christ's sacred
Footsteps fell
His dark-eyed Myra leaneth loving
Upon his arm; and, thro' each deep
sunk dell
A thund'rous whisper, rolling,
seems to tell
Of great things past, and greater
yet to be
He gazeth on the royal rise and sea
Of hills whose slopes stand forth
above the sea
Then scans the gold and blue

V

The ripples bounce and burst again
the beach;
The stirred leaves sigh; yet hear
he not, nor sees;
With half-shut eyes his dream
senses reach
Back thro' the vista of the
centuries!
He sees the Aged Apostle to his
knees
Sink in the yielding waters;
hears the Voice
Of he whose radiance smile
across the seas!
He treads the wave! — yet sink
not! — now, rejoice,
Thou sinking mortal! — Earth,
— water, — are his toys!

* * * * *





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